

*The
Final
Draft*



*Durham Technical Community College
Volume 7, Number 1
Spring 1997*



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Editors Note

Dear reader,

We all possess, inherent in each of us, the ability to do magic; all we need to do is find a way to express it. As you read, allow the magic to carry you where it will, weep for the pain, laugh when you can, and through it all cherish the passion.

James T Staton

Editors

James T. Staton

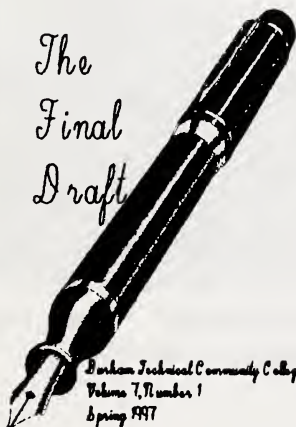
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"Piano Music"

by **Renata Walliszewski**

My angry, scattered thoughts were jumping inside my head. It was difficult to gather them into one vivid pattern. "What is going on? How can I possibly get out of the annoying and confusing state of my mind?" I asked myself lying down on the dark-green, velvet couch. I closed my heavy eyelids. At this moment, I noticed that the gentle sound of music was flowing gracefully through the living-room from a far corner. All my senses turned to the music as if they knew that the piano music would release my painful tension. I clearly saw those single tunes dancing like shiny, transparent water-drops on half-open flower buds waking up in the morning sunshine; I heard different tunes laughing like happy children's voices; I touched more tunes with the splendid pleasure, reaching them easily as if there weren't any distance between us. The music warmly embraced my soul in its welcoming arms and drew my thoughts irresistibly to its peacefulness. I felt the beauty of a harmonious relationship--human and music--a silent victory over departing anger.

The melody increased its speed and tempo: fast, faster, run, gallop..., and the last, strong chords of it returned me mercilessly to earthy reality. The mystery of that gorgeous, magnificent piece of art amazingly gave me back a quiet and peaceful mind. I was still lying on the couch, but my eyes were now wide open; I knew that my bad thoughts definitely had left me for the rest of the day. I felt like a free bird flying high in the blue sky. "Thank you," I said directing my appreciation to the Universe, "Thank you very much."

"Get Away!!" Canada Goose
by Sol Levine



"Sweet Repose"
by Marv Axelrod



A Prose Poem About A Dog

by Jimmy Storey

My dog has fleas.

The quick, brown fox jumped over the lazy dog.

He sure was a lazy one, all right.

That flea-ridden mutt.

Can't chase squirrels or rabbits.

Scared of a mole that digs underground.

Barks too Dang much

that the whole neighborhood hears him.

Somebody please tell that dog to hush.

He's too old and tired.

Won't chase a stick or go after a ball.

Allows some sorry cat to pass through

without being eaten for supper.

I don't know what to do about that dog.

He's crazy as a madman.

Somebody help me out here

before that fleabag dies on me.

Hands

By Gregory Clark

Hands don't talk, that's good.

They don't tell on me.

When they're in the way,

I pocket them.

When I itch, I work them.

When I play, they feel good.

I like hands!

Durham Tech - Cultural Exchange Day

by Eunice Webb Matthews

**We are all gathered here
On this grand and glorious day
To celebrate our heritage
The "Durham Community College" way.**

**To Blend our cultural differences
We have come from far and near
To further our education
Good professors and teachers to hear.**

**Jobs in our community
Are open to one and all
When qualified by Durham Tech
For the great and the small.**

**Good health around the world
Is most everyone's concern
Without a strong and healthy body
It's hard to work, study and learn.**

**World trade is very important
To keep the economy strong
Without support from one another
The whole system goes wrong.**

**It's a pleasure to order a meal
Of your favorite culture and kind
An African dish or maybe Chinese
Or whatever comes into your mind.**

Dancing is so very charming,
It's a beautiful and graceful art
From all around the world
Each culture plays a part.

We all have our customs
Of how we choose our mates
So we learn from one another
How we differ when we date.

Love speaks only one language
That everyone understands
No matter where we chance to live
Throughout this gigantic land.

It is peace now that we need
To make this world a better place
Makes no difference where you live
Your *nationality, creed, or race!*

The Nectar of a College Student

by Summer Saadah

Bubbling, burbling, gurgling
a sparkling, spitting, splendor sipped slowly from a straw---
cooling, quenching, calming,
a student's soothing salvation---
a nice, nourishing nectar that is soda.



Chains

by James Staton

I am enslaved but want no freedom
I am in chains but need no key
With love I worship you my lady
And shun the day you'd set me free

I have no riches to hold your favor
I have no lands nor exalted name
But for your love I'll strive and labor
For by your hand this hearts been tamed

This love it burns as flame inside me
This love is breath to fill my lungs
It fills an empty space inside me
And proves that two hearts can be one

I fear no pain with you beside me
I fear no trials of sadness and woe
With you to hold and be held by me
Through these storms of life we'll grow.



"Florida Snowballs"
by Sol Levine



"Trees in Winter"
by Marv Axelrod



The Rising Fall of Summer

by Matt K. Webbink

The wind blows and I think of her
this is the kind of weather that she likes most
I hear her voice
Or is it the wind whispering through the autumn leaves
Where I am, she is with me
I hold her in my heart
Her visage emblazoned on my soul
I have never seen a sky so blue
I have never known anyone like her
There is only one
She was cast and the mold was broken
A higher power must have created such perfection
Where are the clouds
There are none
Blue sky country
I lean against a tall oak
She whispers to me
I lean closer, alleviating my burden
She does not bend
Is anyone that strong
She is
How
I told you, she is one of a kind
Incredible
I know
The sun hangs low on the horizon
It is; she is golden
I sit at her feet
I sleep
I dream of her
I awake
I dream of her
The wind blows, lifting the fallen leaves back into the sky
She whispers to me
I smile
I love you too

Soon You Will See

by Erik o. Bolden

From within UNITY springs forth a life long wealth of
LOVE and LAUGHTER.

Past, present, future your reward remains the hereafter
Knowledge flows like a river!

Will you ever quench your thirst?

For the TRUTH we seek to build a spiritual mind no longer
blinded by the
cloak of falsehood.

Soon you will see--that every season gives you a reason to
prosper and
grow free!

Soon you will see--that every end is a new beginning to be
the best that
you can be.

Soon you will see--the eternal light that shines in you and
me!

Soon you will see.

Illumination

by Arva Whittaker

stars high in the sky
on a humid summer night
decorate the dark

Popeye

by Gregory Clark

I remember seeing him only once, though in a strange way I saw him every time I went to Rev. John's lake. He was as big as a house, all cut up from all the hooks and lines he broke. His mouth was like a big steel trap and his eyes shone like two big marbles. I guess that's why they called him Popeye.

People came from miles around to try to catch that old mystical fish, with his long black whiskers. They'd bring all kinds of fancy reels and rods to catch old Popeye. Boy, Rev. John really enjoyed that. Grinning like a possum, he'd spit and say,

"See over there in that corner near that old stump, that's where I saw him swimming last." He even had a prize for catching Popeye. A ham, sometimes money, or a new Zebco 404.

"Twenty-five cents an hour boy. You just might be the one."

Every evening my uncle Slim would come home from work talking about catching that rascal Popeye. Why they called him "Slim" beats me. He was as tall as a tree with arms like logs and his hands were as big as a catcher's mitt.

"Boy, I got some special dough for that rascal today! Smell this." He'd stick it to my nose.

Shoo, that's some stinking stuff, I'd say.

"Yeah, but that's what that old rascal likes," he would say.

Like a puppy I would follow him down to the lake.

"He's not going to fish," he'd tell Rev. John so I could go in free.

But I'd always sneak around the back of the lake out of sight and fish anyway. Besides, that was where I believed

Popeye hung out. Uncle Slim would get a big ball of his special dough and spit on it saying,

"Get um, boy."

I always figured that fish to be a meat eater myself, looking like a shark and all, so I used worms. You could hear that big ball of dough hit the water every time Uncle Slim cast out. But sure as he would spit on it, that old beat up fish went for it. All I could hear was,

"Bring the net! Bring the net! I got that old rascal "

My heart was beating like a drum as I raced over to the other side of the lake. Lord knows how many times I fell. It reminded me of the old Moby Dick tales, because it was Uncle Slim and his mystical whale going at it head to head. Old Popeye had the lake turning like a church as he flopped and jumped trying to break the line or spit out the hook. But it was no use. Slim had him. When he got him to the bank I was there to scoop him up.

"Got um, Uncle Slim!"

We yeached out as we jumped for joy. Yap! Popeye was as big and ugly as I always thought he was.

We ate ham for a week after that, although I would have rather eaten fish and got that new Zebco 404, but Uncle Slim threw him back. The last I heard about Old Popeye, some man caught and mounted him. I reckon that took the life out of Rev. John. Wasn't long after he died and that old lake grew up with weeds. Fishing just wasn't the same after that.



GOLDEN YEARS

by Eunice Webb Matthews

I caught a glimpse of two oak leaves
Tumbling slowly to the ground
A symbol of our lives together
A reminder of retiring time.

A panorama from the past
Sweeping into view
Brought scenes of our lives together
And precious memories too.

Mistakes and blunders, I recall,
Cares and frets, we shared them all.
Life is full of joys, and sorrows,
Weeping and laughter, good tomorrows

I dare not live in the Past
Nor regret the things I've done
My life with you has been rewarding,
A very glorious one.

Sometimes the scene gets dreary
Shadows obscure my way
Remembering the ties that bind us
Gives me strength from day to day.

I long to say I love you,
That you surely know
Not in words only
But the things I do and show.

Like the sturdy oak tree
Its leaves will forever grow
Our love is ever binding
It lives, flourishes, and grows.

What more can I do
To express my love for you?
I'll prove it again, my dear,
By renewing my soul to you.

You've been my inspiration
Whatever the tidings be,
All things pure and lovely
Tis what you are to be.



Joy

by Effie J. Sharperson

This candle never goes out. It lights up human emotions, as a candle brightens a darkened room. The candlelight gloriously radiates from within to the countenance of a jubilant face. The eyes shine brightly, the smiles beam merrily, and the glad heart beats rapidly. Yet, the candle can become dim when the problems of life creep in. Sorrows darken the joyous soul, and the human spirit becomes distressed with pain and sadness. Then, rapid tears flow and flow. Nevertheless, the flame will resurrect itself brilliantly above the dismal circumstances and dance delightfully across the troubled heart. In that moment, jubilation illuminates the face once again and majestically rekindles a life.

On the Freeway

by Arva Whittaker

Leaves fall from the trees
sun burnt orange and yellow
fuel for yard fires.



Feet

by Gregory Clark

You can't hide flat feet!
Prints in the sand, will tell it.
The heel of your shoes, will tell it.
Oh, Oh, over rocks, will tell it.
He swims like a duck, will tell it.
Walk down the street,
Hey, he's got flat feet!

Snow Queen

by James Staton

Snow Queen your ice is like armor,
built all of pain and distrust.

Breaking the lances of suitors,
and casting them down in the dust.

Your steed on this field is made of fear,
its power you ride in your pain.

Never once in your pride looking back,
to see all that you could've gained.

Your shield you have crafted of sorrow,
because a cretin crushed your heart with his smile.

In your pride and your pain you have sown,
and man's bitter touch to revile.

The sword that you chose is your eyes,
the frost in your glance a sharp blade.

You use it to pierce all those fools,
who would tear down the walls that you've made.

Snow Queen your ice is like armor,
its cold holds you clutched in its grasp.
Only winter's cold winds to console you,
until spring's soft warmth is past.

Your winter it withers the spring,
the passion in love's gentle flower.
The ice of your armor it holds you,
safe but alone in your bower.

The frost in your glance holds in check
the one that could warm with a touch.
Your heart that's encased in its armor,
your heart that is missing so much.

All these fetters of rime will bequeath you
is both days and night all alone.
With no warmth or love to sustain you,
in this cold bitter heart that's your home.

Snow Queen your ice is like armor,
holding your heart in its rime.
The walls that you build in your ardor,
hold in the pain for all time.

What hurt built the walls that surround you,
what pride holds the light from your eyes.
The past that you hold there will haunt you,
and what bitter draught does this buy.

What pain from the past holds you clutched,
in distrust's glacial embrace
What fool from the past built these walls,
in the armor of ice you're encased.

No king, knight, or squire by your side,
in these fleeting days of your prime.
No sweet summer wine to imbibe,
only the harsh bitter taste of lost time.

Legacy

by Willie Moore

My son takes my hand--

I am brooding 'bout dad's death.

I see tomorrow.



Memories of the Serene

by Summer Saadah

My mind did wander one lazy day
to a memory of a sweet afternoon in May.

Puffs of clouds were joined by the sun in the sky
as flocks of birds overhead did fly.

How pensive, relaxed, serene I became
as feelings of anguish nature did tame.

Laughing, infused with feelings of mirth
how I did treasure my heaven on Earth

The Teenager's Lament

by Matt K. Webblink

Oft times I sit and wonder how
I might get through the day,
Because I've had an English test
And things are looking gray.

Sometimes I work and struggle hard
To make the whole day through,
But then I sit and worry about
How things just might unglue.

So on I work not caring much
For things I do complete,
But worried more of people whom
I often must compete.

This long deliberate pace is set
And man must keep the time,
Or else he'll slip and falter through
And end up in his prime.

This song may seem of little worth
Not even worth a cent,
But here it is in black and white
The Teenager's Lament.

Pig

by Charles Damron

The smells from a fair--
kind of a nauseating
nasty aroma.

TIN CAN

by Jimmy Storey

Just the other day, I was driving along
Alone on a busy highway
When, all of a sudden, I heard a clang
A wheeze, sputter, and cough
And some nut shouting, "Get out of the way!"
"I can't believe this!" I thought to myself
As my rusty old horse came to a halt.
It's done this to me so many times before,
So much that its maker should be at fault.
Once again, my mighty chariot won't run.
So I stopped to check under the hood.
To see just what went wrong this time.
I didn't have the slightest idea what happened
But there's no doubt my mechanic would.
That old clunker needs to go to the shop
To get all fixed up, yet again.
I'm strapped for cash, feeling kinda bad.
My boss won't give me a raise, so once again,
I need to apply for a loan from the Bank of Mom and Dad.
I'm stuck with my beloved tin can
Being in that smelly garage with no place to go.
I should be thankful that it wasn't as bad as it could have
been
Had I actually owned a Samurai, Hyundai or a Yugo.

Poems of the Feminine
WOMEN (GOD'S)

by Sharon Leigh

Women, Hear Me! You are fertile.

You are the most delicate feminine creature that God has created.

You are structured, You are ever bending to the fondling winds of time.

You are careful because wisdom loves your insight

You are the seed from Eve

You are the birth of every idea

You are His women!

You are the strength of Moses, You are His women!

You love life and the loves of your life. You are His women!

He loves your gentleness, your beauty, your kind and existing way

You are His women! So, women, love him. Caress his ever statuesque present.

Make love to Him with words and deeds because he is. . .

GOD and He loves you.

Full-time Person/Part-time Student

by Paulette D. Baker

My hat has to go off to a large group of people. They find more than twenty-four hours in any given day. Their days begin with sluggishly realizing that the worrisome, persistent sound they hear through the fog of a sleeping brain is an alarm clock, calling them to get up. Being so tired even Coast can't refresh them, they shower and dress, running out the door and arriving at work just in time to begin another long, grueling day. Of course, it is Wednesday but everything seems to be Monday all over again. Nothing works right and just as Murphy predicted, anything that could go wrong, did--at least twice!

Lunch time finally comes and a chance to take a break. How do these people spend their time? Usually studying for that big test or putting the finishing touches on that almost perfect speech. No time to go out and enjoy the sunshine or smell the roses for this bunch, no--just study and work and another fast-paced day creeps along when you need it to go fast and speeds by when you haven't had time to complete that last set of math problems.

Eventually the clock reaches just the right time and another work day is over. Right? Wrong! One shift is finished, but there is another shift to pull. An evening of classes, books, teachers with dirty looks--well, classes and books anyway awaiting for them. Racing to their cars, jockeying to get a little ahead of another car, but all squealing the tires as the light changes and they burst forth, making their way to school, thinking they might actually make it on time, suddenly, here comes the train! Throwing up their hands in desperation as they are trying to see the caboose and realizing it is going to be a long train, they shout at the engineer, "I'm going to be late--AGAIN!!!" Looking around they see their neighbor nodding vigorously in agreement. They, too, are going to be late and understand the outburst.

Seemingly after a lifetime, the caboose and the last little lantern wobble on down the tracks and the bars are lifted. Accelerating a little too quickly, the car moves across the tracks and once again they're on the way to school. Reaching the grounds, looking for a parking place, running to class, and making it by the very skin of their teeth, the full-time employees of the day become the part-time students of the night.

Teachers, asking questions, giving new assignments, taking up old ones, reviewing and giving tests, make the night progress. The passing of time finds the students leaving one class and moving from

building to building and preparing for another class and different teacher. Helping these students hang on during all this transition, changing, and hard work are the teachers that are there being encouraging and supportive. They are often found going an extra step or in some cases an extra mile, making sure the students are understanding the work, getting the things required for the subject, feeling comfortable in confusing surroundings, if new, and various other means of "just being there when needed" in general.

Even with all the help from teachers, friends, and family, it still comes down to the students themselves doing the work, the studying, the sacrificing, and the setting of tough priorities. After the night of classes ends, leaving the school and heading home, these students must still be responsible for making more decisions which will affect their lives. Choosing a social life or a good night of sleep may be one type of decision they are responsible for. Preparing what to wear to work the next day may be another. Many are going home to the responsibility of a family, kids, housework, and homework.

Seeing some of the things full-time employees/part-time students are dealing with helps you realize they are also full-time people with full-time lives they are living. Hats going off to these people, you see it is not an easy living but hopefully after forever, it will be well worth all the problems.

Test Time

by Paulette D. Baker

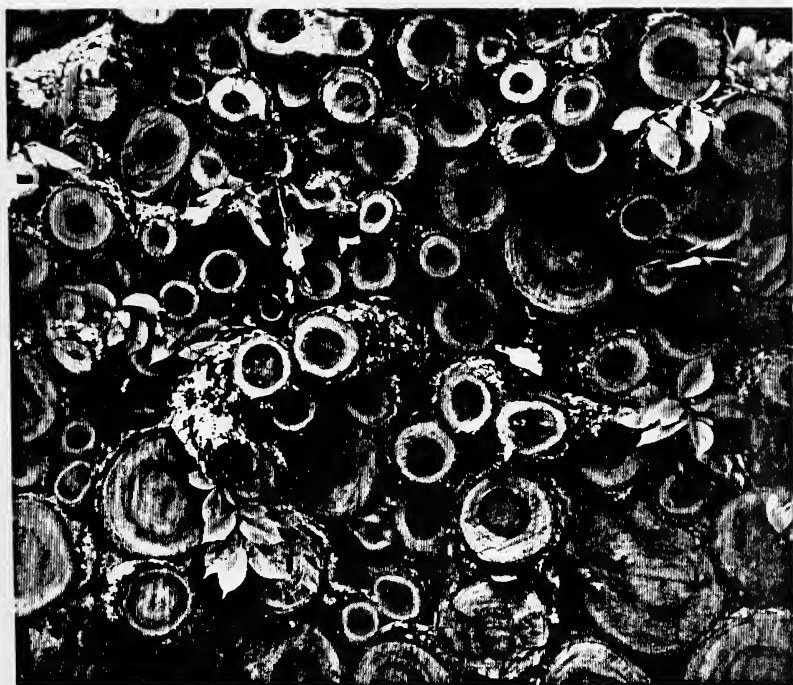
Here I sit, waiting for class
Trying to eat and swallow it fast
Knowing tonight what's ahead
Having a test I really dread.

I studied, I thought, I reasoned, I read
If I don't pass, I'll really be mad
Teachers worked to teach this stuff
But I don't get it and that is rough.

Grant money will all be done
If I don't finally pass this one
I know I broke the law, but what can I say
I am in school but I took time to PRAY!!



"Woodpile"
by Marv Axelrod



"Navajo Girls," New Mexico
by Marv Axelrod



BLOOD, SWEAT, AND TEARS

by Tiffany Shear

Having a grandfather who was a fireman, I was often able to spend time at the fire station when I was young. Firefighters to me were idols, perfect people. "How lucky they are," I thought, "to be seen as heroes." They wore cool equipment and big red helmets; they drove the big red shiny fire trucks. They pulled the whistle and blew the horn; they turned on the flashing lights and drove fast, seeming to disobey all the traffic laws. I carried this vision of firefighters with me until I became one myself.

Soon after entering the fire service, I realized that the job involved more. Fire fighting taps into all the emotions; it's a love/hate affair. I love fighting the fire but hate the human recklessness that sometimes calls me to a scene.

I was sitting at the station one afternoon, thinking how happy I was to finally be a part of a fire company. The alarm sounded; it was my first call. I was instantly aroused. I jumped up, forgetting my happiness, and grabbed my fire gear. The blood rushed through my head and I felt the thumping of my heart in my ears. I charged toward the truck, grabbing the rail and heaving myself inside the cab. We rolled up to the house--it was engulfed in fire. I pulled on my gear and leaped from the truck. I surveyed the scene as I was taught to do. Smoke was pushing out of every crevice and was being sucked back in, as if the house were breathing. Flames wrapped around the roof like an embrace. I reached for a fire hose and eased back the handle on the nozzle, and water spluttered, coughed, and poured out with tremendous force. I rushed ahead, landing on the front porch, the fire hose dragging behind me. As I entered the front door, I was greeted with a fierce handshake, fire spreading all around me. I felt no fear, only hatred toward this vile monster. I turned my water stream to face the monster. It only laughed and spit in my face. I fought the monster of flames with every drop of water I could squeeze out of my nozzle. Again, the monster laughed and showed his teeth. Flames wrapped around the back of my neck, whipping me in the face. I battled back, absent of panic, filled with insanity. I fought and cursed this monster, trying to crouch down, leaving myself less vulnerable. I beat the monster of flames back until it was no longer strong. The fury was weakened. It wailed and groaned. The monster was dying. Writhing in pain, the monster collapsed into nothing. Nothing more than

smoke. I was full of hatred for this beast of flames and fury. Walking down the front porch steps, I felt that burning hatred inside of me. As I continued to walk away, I leisurely turned back, looking at the smoldering fire. The monster had won. I felt the course of fire still tearing through my veins. For the first time I was in love, in love, with fighting the beast called fire.

As a first responder unit, my fire department is required to respond to all 911 emergencies. We respond to all accidents, illnesses, and injuries, no matter how minor.

DOA's (dead on arrival) are hard for all firefighters to accept. I recently responded to a DOA that was especially disturbing. Maybe it was more so because the holidays were near. As firefighters, we take DOA's personally. We think every person can be salvaged. You find out quickly this is untrue. Firefighters act tough on the outside but we understand, in a private way, what each partner is feeling.

I responded to a call around 9:30 p.m. on a dreary Saturday night. It had been raining all day; the roads were slick. I heard over the scanner that it was a possible DOA. My heart started beating wildly. My foot was shaking on the gas pedal. When I arrived I wasn't sure what was really happening, since I couldn't park close enough. I saw a Ford pickup sitting horizontally in the road, facing in the wrong direction. It had minor damage, only a slight bend to the front fender. The passengers appeared unhurt. Just as I was thinking, "it doesn't look so bad," I noticed the second vehicle, a blue Chevy hatchback. Having been thrown through the intersection to smash through a split rail fence, the vehicle was demolished. As I approached the car, I found myself hoping that there were no children inside. Peering into the vehicle, I saw that the driver's side door now displaced the original position of the emergency brake. To my horror, an old woman was crumpled on the floor of the passenger's side. She was in a fetal position, with her head resting on her arm, as if napping. We checked for vital signs and found none. Since I was standing there when the State Police arrived, I had to help an officer check for identification. I didn't feel the full effect of her death, until I flipped her wallet open and saw the pictures of grandchildren. Her life unfolded before me in the form of a newspaper clipping of her husband's obituary and a card showing her daughter's name and address to notify in case of emergency. We left, knowing we did all we could do, to let the police

do their job. All through the night, family pictures flashed through my head like a slide show.

Aside from my feelings about the woman, I felt angry at the two men who had hurled her car through that intersection. They were speeding, uninterested in who else might cross their path. I secretly hoped that they were charged with manslaughter and that I could be part of the jury that determined their fate.

To this day I am still in love with the big red fire truck. When I put on my fire helmet, I do feel like a hero. However, I'm no hero, just a person in a blue collar profession that happens to require emotional strength more than physical strength. I now understand what fire fighting truly involves: blood, sweat, and tears.

Stay Hungry My Child

by Dianna L. Sabourin

**I see the hunger, it's in your eyes
only when you look.**

**I hear the hunger, it's in your voice
only when you speak.**

**I taste the hunger, it's in your mouth
only when you bleed.**

**I touch the hunger, it's in your hands
only when you reach.**

**I smell the hunger, it's in your scent,
only when you sweat.**

**So stay hungry my child,
I see the hunger, hear the hunger, taste the hunger,
touch the hunger, smell the hunger in you.**

**So stay hungry my child,
you have the hunger.**

**I need your hunger, want your hunger
you are the hunger in me.**

"Jordan Lake Sentinel"
by Sol Levine



"Native Child," Belize, California
by Marv Axelrod



The Begging Man's Face

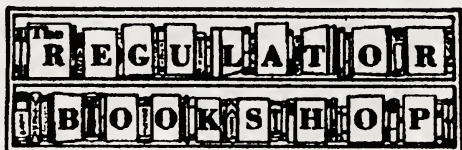
by Mary Jackson

As hard as I tried to ignore the begging man, his stare seemed to pierce through the safety of my car window and eye contact was made between us. His face was like an open book as I read every line and crevasse. The first thing I noticed was that he wore a beard, somewhat scruffy, perhaps black or deep brown once, now salted with time. What skin that escaped the beard appeared to be a leathery brown, sagging now, over his facial bones. I imagined it had been the elements of weather that had taken their effects and caused his skin to appear almost tanned. Beneath a grungy baseball cap that read USA in bold letters flowed tassels of peppered hair that covered the sides of his head. Below the brim of his cap rested three thick lines on his small forehead that spoke to me of a lifetime of hardships I hope never to encounter. Under the lines were heavy brows, overgrown into each other, sheltering his eyes as if trying to protect them from seeing his reflection on the faces of others. The crows feet around his eyes told me that he had been in the sun too long or that possibly he once used to laugh or smile often. His closed and tense mouth seemed to say that it had been awhile since he had anything to smile about. His eyes were deep blue like the ocean and set back from his aristocratic nose as if they had seen many days of desperation and uncertainty roll in and out of his life. The harshness of his face revealed an uncertain heart, possibly even cold by now. However, as I started to look away from the man, a smile passed over his face that seemed to say, "It's OK if you don't roll down your window and hand me your change. You gave me something even greater. You looked into my face and noticed that I existed and for that, I thank you.

The editors of "The Final Draft" would like to give special thanks to those who have helped support this issue.

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Sol Levine

Sol Levine is a nature and wildlife photographer whose photographs are sold in local galleries. His original photograph notecards are available for purchase at local businesses, including Quail Ridge Bookshop, Morgan Imports, and Cameron's in Chapel Hill--or you can stop by his office at Durham Tech (Collins 269).

Marv Axelrod

Marv Axelrod is a freelance photographer who has shown his work at Artomatic Gallery in the Carrboro Art Center and the Senior Citizens Shop at City Hall. His original photograph notecards can be purchased at The Regulator Bookshop and circle of paper in the Hillsborough Street Kroger Plaza.



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